

Psychic Voices Overload

(Volume 1)

Poems

-by Brian Edwards

2020

1.

I.

It was a bad day
work was rough
the weather is rough
the raging pandemic is rough
the voice was as talkative as ever
and that too was rough

the last two days
we've been getting bombarded by the wind
it feels more like early Winter
than early Spring

and the streets are half deserted
so many are staying home
with the virus now among us
but not me
my employer said it's full speed ahead
no matter what happens
will that paycheck be worth the cost in the end?
I just don't know to tell you the truth
but it's hard to break out of
twenty years of day to day routine

and the voice that follows me
intruding all day and night
this familiar female voice

II.

well she's backed off
at least a little of recent
or perhaps it just seems that way
because I've been so preoccupied

though tonight
this voice has been
as lashing as the very wind

hearing the lashing wind
and hearing a lashing voice

perhaps tomorrow
the wind will stop
the voice will fall silent
perhaps it'll feel a little warmer

perhaps I'll only hear
the birds singing their songs
and nothing more

-4/10/2020

2.

Perhaps it is the pursuit
of direct spiritual experience
that is fraught with danger

perhaps not
perhaps there is really nothing to this
though perhaps

was I even so aware
of what I was searching for
when I crossed that serious line
when I spoke to the spirits
when they spoke back to me
and now the voices
voices.....you could not believe the voices
and the way things sound sometimes now
yes.....there is much now so different
there are many things that sound surreal to me now
all of these new.....strange
surreal sounds
added to this world of my everyday life
had I thought much about
direct spiritual experience back then
the voices and the sounds
it all fell upon me so fast
I doubt I thought that deeply
about it at all
yet then again
so quickly did the voices overtake
a direct experience to say the least
beyond all imagining

-4/10/2020

3.

There it is again
this otherwise quiet
calm Spring morning
the ringing in my ears

how familiar
this is to me now
I first began hearing it
at exactly this time five years ago
during that Springtime
when it rained nightmarish voices
down upon me from the sky

during that time
when I felt as if
I were slipping away

all of me
who I was
all my memories
were being devoured by the voices

this strange ringing was there
back in those days
and it has appeared
from time to time ever since

it has accompanied the voices
since they descended
like dark lightning from the sky
like a strange heralding
of a mysterious presence

this ringing at times seemed
like the sound
of my mind breaking
into a thousand pieces

like a mirror dropped and broken
there is the crash.....the shattering
yet here.....arising from the broken pieces
this ringing resounds
rising from the broken pieces of the individual
rising from the pieces of myself

4/10-11/2020

4.

That cold winter
I opened the invisible door
perhaps not knowing then
that it could never
truly be closed again

All that was unknown to me then
could have filled an ocean
and all that is still unknown to me now
could fill ten

I have few answers
only riddles that I hear
riddles that I contemplate
riddles that circle in my ears
like a cyclone in the night

"you have made your bed
now lie in it"
I have heard a disembodied voice say to me
and so this..... I try to do

-4/11/2020

5.

It is the 11th of April
morning.....and it is windy and chill outside
this morning I think back to where I was
at exactly this time five years ago

those were the days of my broken mind
the beginning of April in 2015
the days of my mind being broken
punished and rampaged over
by intruders who spoke to me
as voices out of thin air
yet there was more.....much more
they made their presence known to me
in many ways

I could feel their presence with intensity
I could hear them
going from room to room
where I suffered alone
in those early days of Spring

voices shattering
all conceptions of the world
like Fascist steel
barbed-wire

my mind had become a battlefield
crossed and crossed again
a Somme.....a Ypres
only within myself

yet.....I remember
that it was warmer then in 2015
than it is today

I remember those days back then
I would sit outside for hours
gazing up at the bright Moon
wishing I could escape there somehow

-4/11/2020

6.

I am waiting
waiting for the silence
to become recognizable again

a truer silence
without the cacophony
of another world

I am waiting for deafening silence
absolute
with no middle ground in between

it's been so long now
hearing these voice of intrusion
voices that always seek to speak to me
endlessly

where are they?
where are they?
what is the explanation of this mystery?

voices that emerge
from out of the astral
nearest.....very near
can what I am saying be confirmed?
can it be denied?

I went too far
during that time of exploration
I feel I was seen.....judged
and crucified with voices

my Golgotha was a sunny afternoon
in the Spring of 2015

of course these are only expressions
yet ones that I find
cast around in my head
like a thrashing wind
scattering leaves in its wake

-4/11/2020

7.

As a voice speaking
from the absence of the Sun

as an unbending truth
that hides itself so cleverly
from the gaze of most human beings

from the shores where the Astral and the Earth meet
to the convergence
of rocky cliffs and perilous waves
where the voices lurk
and await the trespasser

in my naivety at first I did not see
I did not realize
that invisible eyes
were watching my every move
hearing my every thought
yes....hearing them all
finding all of my memories

waiting for me
to step far enough....just far enough
beyond the great barrier

I tuned in with them
and they tuned in with me
they gained access into my mind
intrusion.....intrusion

they began to speak ceaselessly
day and night
they were not the same as I
rest they did not need
these voices were like a ferocious wind
that refused to subside

I stepped into their quicksand
and sank into their lies

-4/11/2020

8.

I do not have to listen
to what these voices say
whoever they are
I do not have to adorn
their words with meaning

I do not have to listen
the power to choose is still my own

I can deprive their words of substance
and all that will be left
is a mysterious sound

sound from beyond
this world as it appears to me

sound that holds no meaning
if I intend it to hold no meaning

I do not have to listen
to these voices that violate the silence

when the terrible first shock of it
has faded away
I do not have to listen to these voices
I do not have to believe them

the lies
the lies
the lies
they are all apparent to me now

I do not have to believe
I can deprive their fangs of sharpness

I can remove the stinger
dull the dagger's tip
I can raise my shield to their arrows
by never believing their deceiving words

-4/11/2020

9.

It is like sharing a perception
with one who judges you
condemns you
yet who is this one?
what gives them this authority?

it is all an illusion perhaps
a deception
for some nefarious reason

for why would one being
speak to another being day and night?

it makes no sense to me
and that is one of the burdens of it all
I grow weary just thinking about it
yet is it possible to not think about it?

and when I think about it
it leads me towards something unthinkable

the scale of it
the nature of it
the acknowledging and denial of it

all of this that is so unthinkable
it speaks to me with a voice
at times many voices

I do not believe that these voices
originate from me
I have questioned many things
I have been confused
and felt overwhelmed many times throughout all of this
yet I know my own perceptions well enough
I know myself well enough
to know that I would not
speak these things that I hear

I know myself well enough
to know that these voices
are not of my spirit and mind

so I believe that they are real
unthinkable or not
I believe they are real

I believe without understanding

I believe because I know who I am
and I know that these voices
are not of myself

I cannot explain the mystery of it
yet I know
that there are others here with us
perhaps some good
perhaps some evil

perhaps they are us
or perhaps they are not

a world cloaked by another world
and then on and on
perhaps for infinity

-4/11/2020

10.

Yes.....the Ouija Board
has brought on the voices
the voice recorder
the Spirit Box
the Pendulum
Automatic Writing to
all of these and more
have brought on the intruding voices

the search for active experience
the opening of the mind
the opening of perceptions
runs the risk of hearing them

and when they rush in
they can rush in like a tornado

they may pulverize you
with lies and condemnations

jagged metal words
sound distortions exploding all around

the night hijacked
the morning hijacked
in this audio inquisition

they rampage through the mind
set up their bivouacs
entrench deeply
establish their surveillance apparatus
seek to achieve domination

they seek to become
the secret police of your very soul

-4/11/2020

11.

This evening
I heard the familiar female voice say
"extraterrestrials cause humans to hear voices
to achieve information"

I'm sorry to say
I have heard this kind of talk
from "her" before

I have heard her talking about
various kinds
of extraterrestrial experiments

and projects like this
with the purpose
of "controlling the planet"

at times this female voice
openly tells me
that she is a part of another species

she has even claimed to me
that they are in ways
"cousins to human beings"

such things of other worlds
other dimensions
"superior life forms" is a phrase
she seems fond of saying to me

yet there are also times
when she tells me that she was a human being
just like me
she often tells me about
when she was in high school
and she often mentions the year 1983

so what am I to make of this
what am I to believe
wouldn't it be best
to simply not believe any of it
even though I know that this being is real

in the early days
of my of experiencing the intrusions of these voices
I was filled with great anxiety

and I suspected before long
that a lot of what they were saying
was nothing more than lies
half-truths.....riddles.....exaggerations

their stories would keep on changing
seldom staying consistent for very long
they would say one thing
and then start saying the opposite
of the thing they just said

they would present me with options of escape
do this or that
and it would all be over

they tried to convince me
that I was a horrible person
a terrible sinner
a "piece of shit"

they would try and convince me
that I was going to Hell

they told me
"we lift you up to take you down"

they seemed to play a manipulative game
of Good Cop / Bad Cop

they threatened me with execution
often telling me
"your execution is scheduled for tomorrow morning"
yet tomorrow morning always came and went
and there was no execution at all
of this they would tell me
"your execution has been rescheduled"

it seemed to me
that just about everything
was some kind of riddle
some kind of mind game

they wanted to be the puppet masters
they wanted me to believe
that they were so much more superior and powerful

they wanted me to believe
that they held my fate in their hands

they wanted me to believe
that I was abandoned by God
and abandoned by "the good spirits"

they wanted me to lose hope
they wanted me fraught with despair

yet with time
all of their stories
all of their lies
became more and more predictable

with time
their words did not hijack my attention
like they once did

with time
the venom of their words
grew weaker and weaker

with time
it became almost as an instinct
to reject what I was hearing from them

with time
these voices began to fade
into the background noise
of this mysterious Earth

-4/11/2020

12.

The presence is here tonight
the sensations
the voices
the whispers
and that high pitch ringing sound

there are others in this room
here with me tonight

I can hear them
I can feel them

though I can not see them
most of the time

yet there are occasions
when I'll see
a dark form
a dark silhouette

an outline
perhaps of an upper body
yet I never see a face

I once asked
one of the voices
what do they look like?

the voice responded
to my question and said
"it depends on who is looking"

-4/12/2020

13.

As best as I can observe
I am not dealing
with simply a "dark energy"
a "negative energy"
a "demonic energy"
any more than my next door neighbor
is simply "a neighbor energy"
of course energy courses through all things
yet what I'm dealing with here
is an intelligence
and a crafty intelligence at that

I am dealing with a being
with its own personality
its own mind
its own voice
its own motivations
its own goals and aspirations
and while these aspirations
may be dark indeed
to describe it all
in terms of energy
doesn't quite get to the heart of it

there is a presence here in this room
that speaks to me
that is speaking to me now
a voice that just told me
"you suffer because I live
in a horrific dimension"

"forgiving us would be a good thing"

"we defend ourselves
because we have nothing but differences"

I do not know the backstory
behind these words
yet I know there is a story there

-4/12/2020

14.

The voices came out of the recordings
that they did
this they can do

after a couple of months of recording
the voices invaded my life
my space
my mind

an intrusion
down to the very core of my being

my every thought scrutinized

my privacy obliterated

these invisible thought police are there
night and day

listening
critiquing
manipulating

speaking their own language of riddles

draining my energy
maybe

vampiric voices leeching on the soul

hijacked clairaudience weaponized
psychic voices overload

dive bombing my mind
in the middle of the night
with shouts

strafing my attempts at sleep

they don't have to sleep
and they don't want you to sleep either

astral insomnia
dimensional audio onslaught

they're waiting
they're waiting for me right now
it's almost one in the morning
I'm about to crawl into bed
and they're waiting
that's when I'm a sitting duck

from above
from beneath
from side to side
the voices coming from every direction

the same voices
that came out of my recordings

perhaps I've tried to make
this poem a warning
regard it as you will
I know that I won't be the last
yet how I wish it were so

-4/12/2020

15.

When so close to the shore of sleep
I am pulled back
by the presence
by the voices

and I linger there for a time
in that hazy in-between zone
receiving these messages

each moment lost
is a moment that I would have been
fast asleep.....resting

the messages keep coming
these voices
always have something to say

sometimes they are hollow
sometimes they are full of embellishments

sometimes these messages
speak of other worlds

sometimes these messages
only seem to self-glorify the speaker

the moments continue
to recede into the darkness

I await the mercy
of unconsciousness

4/12/2020

16.

I am waiting
on the mercy of a change
some small difference
in this predictable routine

under the shadow of a being
from who knows where

dominated
yet left with enough
clarity of memory to remember
the freedom that I once enjoyed before

I awake to the voice
it speaks to me
in those first moments of realization

would I find a comforting message there
would the Sun rise in the west

I drift and drift
into indifference
the voice is now like a regular fixture
it is like the clock hanging on the wall

a heard regularity
across the boundaries of dimensions

time is to be used
as a means to recognize
that those who spoke from beyond the curtain
had a tendency to lie

-4/12/2020

17.

Fragments (written in March of 2020) :

1.

This morning as I awoke
to the early Sun
there was that same old presence
a presence that I could feel
a voice that I could hear
that seemed to be waiting for me to awaken

2.

a voice that is not of me
no.....not of myself
for I am one
who has always
savored a time of silence
contemplation
yes.....these things I have cherished
and these Intrusions are not of my will
this I so clearly recognize

3.

Looking back upon that time
those days
the blitzkrieg of the mind
a savage attack
the voices raining down
like a cacophony of Hell
smashing.....smashing
the bright warm days of Spring

4.

As silence can become
a paradise most endearing
and that night
that night of voices and torment
fear and uncertainty
awash upon the shore of the unknown
I thought to myself
if I could only escape
up to that sanctuary of the Moon
where silence is the altar

5.

"We can see you"
"We can hear you"
"And we can touch you"
I heard the menacing voice say
just as I felt a jab in my lower back

6.

Yet here.....such a barrier was crossed
the voices stormed out of the recordings
and they went on the attack
night and day
moment by moment
a bombardment of voices
that I never would have imagined

-4/12/2020

April, 2020